

The Bull by General_KJ

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Summary:

Will decides to have a go on a mechanical bull at the fair to impress the cute raven haired boy attending it and things just keep going from there.

1. Meeting a Cowboy

Summary for the Chapter:

Will meets Mike for the first time.

Notes for the Chapter:

I have literally no idea where this idea came from lol never seen one of these in real life, this is entirely based on what I've seen in films.

Been too busy to work on any of my main ideas so decided to write one of my short wacky ones instead so i had something to post :-)

Why on earth did he agree to this?

It was his own fault really. If he hadn't let it slip that he found the guy running the attraction hot, Dustin and Lucas wouldn't have been able to persuade him to go on it to impress him. Now, Will suddenly found himself climbing onto the back of a mechanical bull whilst the gorgeous ravenette watched. He was already terrified and the ride hadn't even started yet. How on earth was this supposed to impress the pretty boy who most likely wasn't even gay?

He wished he hadn't agreed to go to the fair that day, he could have spent the entire day at home drawing. But no, he always gave in when his friends asked him to do anything. Ever since they had found out that the reason why he didn't date was because he liked boys, they have been taking him out everywhere to try and find someone. Even if 1980s Indiana was not a good place to find a boyfriend. But they had a point that he needed to at least try and look, so he agreed.

They had only been walking around for about ten minutes when he found himself falling in love. He had turned slightly to the side and caught sight of a tall guy about his age wearing really short shorts pushing back black curls as he helped another guy onto a mechanical bull. He couldn't help but stare. The way the curls shook as the boy moved was completely captivating. Lucas had to snap his fingers in

front of his face to snap him out of his daze and then he had to endure his friends' teasing.

This had led to a conversation where they tried to convince him to go and ask the hot guy out. They seemed to forget the fact that it wasn't safe to reveal that you're gay in Hawkins. Eventually, after Will's repeated refusals, they had come up with an idea. Will would have a go on the mechanical bull the guy was attending in order to get closer to him. Will agreed to the idea partly to shut them up and partly so he could get closer without asking him outright.

Right now, perched on the back of the contraption, Will was regretting every decision he had ever made in his short life. He had just watched a guy much taller and much stronger than him get thrown off like it was nothing. Why did he think he would have a chance at staying on for any reasonable amount of time? It was far more likely that he would get thrown off really far due to him being so small, and smash his head in on a nearby wall. Or worse, the cute boy would start laughing at his incompetence.

"You alright up there?" an unknown voice said, interrupting his thoughts and causing him to almost fall off the bull in surprise. He whipped his head around to see who had spoken, starting to open his mouth to respond, but when he realised who it was, no words would come out of his mouth. Instead, he was occupied with trying to remember the exact sounds that came from the perfect boy that had just spoken to him. He wanted to memorise them. His voice was as beautiful as the rest of him.

"I'm, um, f-fine, t-thanks," he stuttered out once he realised he had been staring for too long. He was probably going red from being in such close proximity to someone so pretty. The boy simply nodded in response. After a small smile that gave Will butterflies, he turned and headed towards the controls. Will was deeply disappointed that he didn't get to hear the voice again. Then he could better treasure the memory forever.

Will didn't get to dwell on the beauty of everything about this boy for long; he realised that he needed to start holding on as the boy reached the controls. The boy was looking at him, waiting for him to get ready. Will was forced to swallow the last of his hesitation and

hold on tight. He just hoped that he wouldn't be hurt too badly. He wasn't sure how much of a beating his small frame could take. He tried not to think about the emotional beating he might take from the crowd surrounding the arena.

The dark-haired boy seemed to notice he was ready, as Will suddenly felt movement. He barely had time to register this as suddenly it was going full throttle. He held on as long as he could, but he went flying off in no time due to how rapidly the mechanical death-trap was bucking and spinning. He stayed on for maybe ten seconds before he went flying off. He didn't really care about that right now. He was too busy concentrating on how he was hurtling at lightning speed towards the ground.

He barely had time to move his arms to protect his head before he landed on the ground hard and quite painfully. He felt a bit dazed from the impact and in a bit of pain, but nothing seemed to be seriously hurt. He could make out the sounds of the crowd hooting through the ringing in his ears. He had no idea whether they were good or bad noises, but right now he was too dizzy to care. He wished he hadn't done that.

"Are you alright?" a voice said from beside him, whilst placing a hand on him to check he was ok. Will was too dizzy to make out the owner of the voice, but he guessed it was probably Lucas or Dustin. After all, who else would care that he was currently a pile of limbs on the floor?

"I'm fine. I'm guessing your stupid plan didn't work?" Will slurred with a slight giggle in response, too dazed to think about what he was saying.

"What plan?" the voice asked. At this point, he probably should have realised this was not Lucas or Dustin, but in his defence, he had just got thrown off a bull.

"You know what plan, silly. The plan to impress the cute boy with the black hair," Will responded, still giggling in his confusion.

The voice didn't respond for a long time after Will said this, which confused him but he didn't think much of it. Instead, he felt the

person helping him into an upright sitting position. A few more seconds passed and Will felt his self-awareness coming back. Suddenly his eyes focussed enough to realise who he had just said that too. He felt mortified. Oh god, was he about to get murdered? But the boy didn't seem angry or disgusted. Instead, he seemed concerned and maybe a little bit curious.

Regardless, Will felt the blood drain from his face as he turned pale with fear and started trying to think of a non-gay way of explaining what he had just said. "I, um. What I, ah, um meant to say wa-" Will rambled trying to distract the boy from the words he had uttered in his confusion. His attempts were made in vain, as the taller boy simply silenced him by raising a hand. 'Shit' Will thought. 'He knows'.

"Can I take you out back to the staff area?" the boy asked, quirking an eyebrow. The boy's cute facial expression made him blush. Will found that all he could do was nod and allow the other boy to pull him to his feet. The skin contact made his stomach fill with butterflies and caused shivers to run up his arm. As he followed the boy behind the curtain, he couldn't help but be puzzled. Why wasn't he alerting the crowd to his perversion so they could rip him apart?

They came to a stop once they were hidden from the crowd and stared at each other awkwardly, neither of them knowing what to say. "I'm Mike," the boy said eventually. 'A beautiful name for a beautiful boy' Will thought before mentally scolding himself.

"Will," he replied, deciding it would be wise to accept the olive branch. Another awkward silence fell, which was obviously up to Will to fill. "Sorry," he said nervously.

This caused Mike to give him a look of confusion. "What for?" he asked.

Will gave him a puzzled look in return. Was it not obvious? "For saying you were cute when I shouldn't have?"

"Now, why would you be sorry for that? If you hadn't said that then I wouldn't have known you were like me," Mike said with a smile, which puzzled Will further. By the time his eyes went wide with the

realisation of what Mike had just said, he was distracted by something else. Mike had moved closer. By the time Will came back to reality, Mike's hands were gripping his collar. Will barely had time to think before Mike yanked him forward by the collar and smashed their lips together.

Will's first kiss was everything he had ever hoped for and more. Warmth flowed through him and fireworks exploded in his chest as he stood paralyzed by the lips of the god-like boy in front of him. Mike's lips moving against his own made him feel safe and happy in ways he had never experienced previously. Once he had recovered from his initial shock, he hastened to reciprocate and closed his eyes. The kiss was messy and desperate, both of them seemingly starved for touch, both glad for the relief. For that moment, it was like they became one person instead of two.

When he opened his eyes after Mike finally drew away, all Will wanted to do was lean back in and keep going as he panted for air. But for now, just seeing Mike's smooth freckled face up close was enough for him. They breathed in time, both unable to look away. Both admiring the beauty of the other. Will had never been this close to a boy this pretty, especially not one who had just kissed him.

Mike snapped out of his stupor first and quickly took a piece of paper and a pen out of his pocket. He started scribbling on it. Will was still too dazed by Mike's presence to notice this until Mike shoved the piece of paper into Will's hands. "That's my number. Call me," Mike said with a pleasant smile when he noticed Will's confused look. Will nodded in response and returned Mike's smile gladly as they resumed their staring match. This time the silence was comfortable instead of awkward.

"I've got to go back now, babe. Maybe after we go on a date I can give you a different kind of ride than the one you had earlier," Mike said with a wink. Will didn't have time to translate this, as with one last admiring look at Will, Mike turned and stalked off back through the curtain. Will momentarily forgot his train of thought due to being busy admiring the curve of Mike's ass through his shorts as he retreated.

This was not how he expected today to go. What did Mike mean by

giving him a ride? Will thought about it for a few seconds before he realised what Mike had been suggesting. He felt himself blushing despite no one being around to see.

Was it bad that he liked the sound of that?

Notes for the Chapter:

Damn I nearly made it to the end of a fic without making any sexual references, guess I just cant help myself lol

I kind of want to write a second chapter where they actually have sex after a date but who knows what my weird brain will make me do next.

Comments and kudos much appreciated as usual :-)

2. Dating a Cowboy

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike and Will go on a unusual date.

Notes for the Chapter:

Decided to continue this after all whilst I'm taking a break from senior year scheming after releasing chapter 10 a few days ago, undecided whether I want to write the final chapter of this or the next chapter of the Byler affair first but I'm sure it will figure it out.

Will jumped as his doorbell rang prompting him to sprint towards his heavy front door. He had spent the last ten minutes pacing back and forth nervously in anticipation of the ravenette's arrival. About a week had passed since the Bull incident, and he and Mike had been talking on the phone every night religiously since they had met. It felt like they had known each other their whole lives. Will could talk to Mike easier than he could any of his other friends.

They had learnt a lot about each other in the last few days, but tonight was the first time they were meeting again in person. Will supposed it was a date, though they hadn't actually called it that. Were they dating? Mike had kissed him, but how was he supposed to know? He had never dated anyone before now. Or not now? He could figure that out later. Right now all he had to focus on was the butterflies in his stomach, caused by the most handsome boy he had ever seen in his life.

After a bit of fumbling with the lock, Will flung the door open revealing a lanky boy wearing what appeared to be a makeshift cowboy outfit. Will was a bit surprised at Mike's attire. Cowboys were one of the few interests they didn't share. Even though he knew that Mike liked cowboys, that didn't explain why he was wearing that. Mike had told him to wear something casual, so he was in loose jeans, a t-shirt, and sneakers.

Mike was giving him a shit-eating grin, obviously very aware of his confusion. "Um, why are you wearing that?" Will questioned, gesturing to the hat, boots, and belt Mike was wearing over his own jeans and t-shirt.

"We can't go where we're going without wearing this." Mike grinned back, pointing at the various articles of clothing he was wearing.

"And where are we going?" Will asked, suddenly feeling incredibly nervous about this outing.

"I will leave that up to your imagination." Mike chuckled. "I have some clothes in the back for you to put on once we get there. Now, are you ready?" Mike said, tilting his head in question and holding out his hand to Will.

Will looked at the hand hesitantly; he didn't like surprises. But then he looked up at Mike's perfectly carved face, and he looked so kind and earnest that Will couldn't help but trust him. So he quickly locked up his house and took the outstretched hand and allowed Mike to pull him enthusiastically towards his car. He noted how nice Mike's car was as he strapped himself into the passenger seat. He knew Mike's family was rich, but he didn't think they were rich enough to trust a seventeen-year-old boy with an obviously expensive car.

Will glanced into the backseat as Mike started up the engine, and spied a few accessories that were obviously meant for him. He felt a fluttering feeling when he realised that all the items were identical to Mike's. A smile crept onto his face at the thought of matching the ravenette. When he turned back to face the road, he discovered Mike staring at him out of the corner of his eye.

The taller boy's head instantly snapped back to the front, but from the slight red tinge in his cheeks, he obviously knew he had been caught. Will smiled to himself as he settled more comfortably into his seat. A cute boy had just been admiring him. What did he have to worry about? The journey passed quickly as they chattered away exactly like they had when they were on the phone. They never appeared to run out of things to talk about; they seemed to share almost all the same interests.

Whilst he may have been enjoying himself on the journey, Will's apprehension quickly returned as they pulled up at what remained of the carnival. Will didn't know what Mike had in mind. The fair was closed at that time of day and most of the attractions had been dismantled at this point. Mike seemed to sense his unease, as he suddenly felt a large hand curling around his own and squeezing it reassuringly.

The surprise comforting gesture instantly made him feel a lot better. But when he turned to thank Mike, he found Mike had leaned in. As soon as they were facing each other, Mike connected their lips. Immediately Will found that all doubt had been instantaneously wiped from his mind. After all, how could he not trust someone whose mouth tasted so good? This was definitely a date, and Will felt as high as a kite at the confirmation.

The kiss didn't last long due to the awkward position they were in, leaning over the gearshift, but Will still found himself chasing the other boy's lips when Mike pulled away. Mike chuckled at Will's reaction. He was very tempted to pout until Mike brought up a hand to cup his cheek. As Mike delicately caressed his cheek, he felt the strangest urge to moan. He had never felt like this with another person. He became completely mesmerised by Mike's mere touch.

"So, should we go in?" Mike finally said, removing his hand from Will's cheek. The sudden cold caused Will to feel like he had somehow lost a part of himself. Without the ravenette's touch, Will felt his nerves returning in full force as he awoke from the spell Mike had cast on him.

"What are we doing?" he asked as he looked over the quiet sea of tents and stands.

"Can you not guess what we are doing from where we are?" Mike laughed. When Will shook his head, the taller boy gave him a more sympathetic look that Will did not like at all. "I'm obviously teaching you how to ride the bull properly." Mike giggled as Will started panicking.

"Please tell me your kidding," Will yelped as he tried to suppress the need to hyperventilate.

“Relax, dude. What’s the worst that could happen?” Mike grinned and Will gave him a ‘what the fuck’ look. This made the other boy sober up. “You will be fine. I will make sure you don’t hurt your pretty little head,” Mike said, trying to be reassuring but completely failing as he ruffled Will’s hair comfortingly.

Will swatted away the hand assaulting his scalp and glared at the hot guy who was irritating him. “What if I get confused upon landing and accidentally admit something embarrassing to a complete stranger again?” Will fired back, his glare unwavering.

“Ok, three things. Firstly, what other embarrassing things do you have to admit? Secondly, no one else is here for you to admit things too. Thirdly, do you regret revealing your secrets to a stranger?” Mike challenged with a curious grin just as unwavering as Will’s glare.

“No, I don’t regret it,” Will said quickly as he realized what he had just implied. He rushed to move on from that point. “How do you know that no one is going to be here?” he asked as he pointedly ignored the first question.

“Because I asked Jane to get everyone out of the area for tonight.” Will instinctively scowled at this statement as he always does when Jane is mentioned. He hated how close Mike was with his ex-girlfriend. He had never met her, yet he couldn’t help but feel jealous of her despite Mike being undoubtedly gay. “Enough of that,” Mike scolded, noticing his facial expression. “You shouldn’t be jealous of a girl you’ve never even met.”

“Fine,” Will conceded with a sigh. “Can we just get this over with?”

“Don’t you like spending time with me?” Mike teased as he opened his door and clambered out of the car before taking a few steps and yanking the door open to grab the clothing from the backseat.

“Of course I do. I just would rather be doing literally anything else,” Will retorted as he followed Mike’s lead and climbed out of the car. He slammed the door behind him maybe a little too aggressively.

“What if I wanted to take you skydiving?”

"Please, can you just shut up so we can go in?" Will groaned and rolled his eyes. He tried his best not to rise to Mike poking fun but he mostly failed.

"Sure, my sweet prince," Mike said as he grabbed Will's hand with his free one. "Anything for you." Mike gave him a warm smile and started dragging him in the direction of the bull. Will was too busy experiencing a buzzing feeling from Mike holding his hand to complain about the nickname, so he just went with it. The fairground was quiet as Mike told him it would be, but he couldn't help but look around anxiously for someone to tell them off for being there after hours.

They suddenly stopped and Will nearly walked into Mike due to his distraction. This is when he realised they are at the tent which the bull occupies, and Mike's stupid grin was back on his face. "There's a mirror in the back. Go and change into these and I will turn the bull on," Mike said. He pushed the clothing into Will's arms and pointed towards the staff area. Before Will could object, Mike had already stridden off.

Will decided he might as well do this voluntarily and headed in the direction that Mike had indicated. He soon found himself in the same section where he had had his first kiss, and fondly remembered the experience for a few moments. He shook himself out of the memory swiftly, as he also remembered his friends' relentless teasing at his frazzled appearance afterwards.

The mirror was not hard to find, and he quickly set to work taking off his shoes in preparation. He pulled on the cowboy boots that are slightly too big and buckled the belt tightly around his hips. He positioned the oversized hat in such a way that it wouldn't be constantly covering his eyes, then looked in the mirror. He decided that although he wasn't a big fan of the activity, this outfit made him look amazing.

He put his sneakers in a safe place, and after admiring himself for a few more seconds, he pushed back the curtain and returned to where Mike was bouncing around in excitement. "You look even hotter than you usually do, Byers," the lanky boy called out as Will approached him. It made the shorter boy blush slightly.

“Just tell me what to do,” Will replied meekly when he reached Mike, choosing not to respond to Mike’s compliment, as he would probably go even redder if he kept thinking about it.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Get on,” Mike ordered as he gestured to the contraption that terrified Will even when turned off. Will suppressed the gulp that threatened to form in his throat, and after a nervous glance at Mike, he started walking towards the bull. It wasn’t as difficult to get on the second time around, though Will doubted that would be the same for how long he could stay seated. He started adjusting his position and tried to ignore how flustered he got from Mike’s close proximity.

Once he was comfortable, Mike began explaining different tricks for staying on as well as how to grip it properly. His heart leapt every time Mike’s hands brushed against his body as he talked. He would much rather spend their date making out, but instead, he was doing this. He gripped onto the bull the way Mike told him to and tried to remember the other tricks Mike told him as the other boy made his way over to control.

The machine’s activation didn’t take him by surprise; he was already tense and ready, made slightly more confident by the reminder that it couldn’t possibly be worse than last time. He didn’t fly off almost instantly as he did last time, though he didn’t last long either. Apparently, Mike was a better teacher than he looked, as when he hit the ground he wasn’t nearly as dazed as he was last time. Instead of just sitting there groaning, he instantly jumped back up giggling, eager for another go, filled with newfound confidence he didn’t know he possessed.

Mike looked surprised, to say the least when Will said he wanted another go, but he didn’t question it and instead readied his hand on the controls as Will clambered back on. Will had several more attempts riding the bull, each time managing to last a few more seconds than the previous. He found that he actually quite enjoyed the experience when there was no one watching. Or maybe it was just because Mike was giving him constant heart eyes.

Eventually, he decided he had taken enough of a beating for one day, and instead of asking to go again, he asked what he had wanted to

ask all evening. "I'm tired. Can you show me how it's really done now?"

Mike oddly got all nervous and flushed at this and started swaying nervously as he answered. "Um, I don't really feel like it."

"I didn't feel like it either. If I had to do it, you definitely have to," Will returned, his curiosity surging at Mike's obvious unease.

"But you don't know how to do the controls."

"I think I can manage an on switch, thank you very much," Will scoffed in reply to Mike's feeble protests.

"I don't want to embarrass you with how good I am," Mike boasted obnoxiously, obviously trying to gain the upper hand by mocking Will, but the brunette was having none of it.

"I don't mind. I won't be able to get better if I don't learn from the best," Will replied, giving the taller boy doe eyes, trying to overwhelm Mike with cuteness.

"But--"

"Mike Wheeler, if you try and get out of this one more time, I swear to God I'm going to break up with you," Will blurted angrily, cutting off Mike in his frustration. After looking down to take a second to cool himself off, he looked back over to Mike. The ravenette was looking at him with wide eyes and his jaw dropped to the underworld. It was then that his mind caught up with his mouth and he felt the blood rushing to his cheeks in embarrassment at the realisation of what he just said.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to assume," he exclaimed quickly as he rushed to rectify his mistake.

"No, it's ok. If my boyfriend wants me to get on a bull, I guess I'm getting on a bull." Mike grinned good-naturedly as he started in the direction of the machine. Meanwhile, Will had no words to respond with as he was too occupied by his stomach doing somersaults whilst his mind threw a party at Mike accepting the term. Will was still staring blissfully into the distance when Mike finished clambering

onto the bull and turned to look at him impatiently. He was quickly reprimanded for his inaction when Mike gave him a look that obviously said, 'get the fuck over here'.

He nearly fell over his own feet due to his eagerness to see why Mike was so apprehensive. He sprinted over to the controls before his boyfriend could change his mind. With one last glance over to check on Mike, who was holding onto the bull-like his life depended on it, he flipped the switch and watched as the machine activated.

He really was not expecting the result he witnessed.

Mike got catapulted off the machine even faster than he did on his first go, which was quite an achievement. He couldn't help but wonder whether he looked as ridiculous flying through the air as Mike did, or whether it was just because Mike's giraffe limbs were flailing in every direction as he flew. Will couldn't help but guffaw as Mike landed in a groaning pile of limbs. He felt tears escaping his eyes and his knees buckled from how hard he was laughing at the spectacle before him.

"How the hell did you teach me to stay on longer if you're worse than I was when I started?" Will asked in between laughs. Wiping away tears, he switched off the bull again.

"Have you not seen me?" Mike retorted angrily as he jumped to his feet. "I have like zero muscle. At least you have some leg strength to help you hold on."

"At least you're cute when you're angry," Will murmured, causing Mike's angry expression to fade quickly into a familiar grin as they looked at each other lovingly in silence.

"Do you want something to eat?" Mike questioned, obviously desperate for a subject change. When Will nodded affirmative, Mike held out a hand to Will and they made their way back to the car after a quick pitstop to pick up Will's discarded shoes. Once at the vehicle, Mike grabbed a few items from the trunk and they quickly settled into the front seats to eat a makeshift picnic made up of food supplied by Mike's mother for him and his 'girlfriend'. They talked quietly about random things as they ate, neither particularly

bothered about what they talked about as long as it was with each other.

“So, how did you get into cowboys?” Will asked after a lull in conversation came round, as he realised he had never actually asked.

“I watched *Silverado* when it first came out a few years ago, and I just got a bit obsessed because of it. You should see my room. It's completely covered in cowboy memorabilia.” Mike giggled without a hint of embarrassment.

“Is that an invitation?” Will asked seductively, taking the opportunity to try and sound coy.

“Maybe it is,” Mike replied, catching Will's meaning immediately. He placed a hand on Will's thigh and started rubbing it suggestively. This made Will's hormones go even wilder than they already were, and he shivered in anticipation at the thought of what might happen.

“And what might we do when we get there?”

“Well, first we would get on the bed. Then I would push you down so you're underneath me and start making out with you, “ Mike said slowly in a low voice as he continued to squeeze and rub Will's thigh.

“Then what happens?” Will whispered in a voice even quieter than Mike's, trying to hold back a moan at Mike's gentle touches.

“Well, next I would slowly remove your shirt and start laying kisses over every inch of your beautiful chest,” Mike said huskily as he moved his hand from Will's thigh and pressed it against Will's chest and started gently feeling the contours of his body.

“And then?” Will groaned quietly as more undignified noises tried to escape his throat and he noticed a sudden tightness in his pants.

“Then I would pull down your pants so I could fuck you so hard that it will hurt to walk the next day,” Mike said seductively as his lust seemingly removed any patience he had for this game.

As much as Mike's words made Will want to rip off all their clothing and do it right here and now, he also recognised that maybe that

wasn't the best idea.

"A bit impatient, are we?" Will laughed, removing Mike's hand from his chest as the intimate moment was broken. "Couldn't we have just talked a bit longer?"

"I'm sorry. You're just so gorgeous, I couldn't resist," Mike said apologetically, though his voice still had a hint of lust. Will felt his cheeks rush with blood for what must be the eighth time that night.

"I feel the same way, but I also don't want to lose my virginity on a first date."

"Fair enough," Mike replied regretfully to Will's sigh. "We have plenty of time. I can wait a bit longer to get in your pants."

"Charming." Will giggled at Mike's lack of control.

Mike quickly joined in as his eyes lit up with an idea. "If not on a first date, how about a second date?" he questioned, still giggling.

Will pretended to think before answering, as to him the answer is obvious. "Yeah, maybe on a second date."

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you to those who encouraged me to continue this, in particular too Ranjanthevictor for always encouraging me, really like how this turned out. I honestly feel like I've accidentally chosen a favourite reader at this point lol

Next chapter is just going to be a sex scene as I really need to get the idea of Byler Cowboy roleplay sex out of my system lol

I feel like I need a beta reader if I'm going to continue to improve my writing quality but as I have no family or friends who would be willing to proof read gay sex I'm a bit stuck really lol

Comments and kudos appreciated :-)